of the wedding trip they had proposed. He estimated it at three years' salary.

"Well, the tickets and hotel bills—" he began.

"But, Don dear," she protested mildly, "I don't expect you to pay my expenses."

"I wish to heavens I could, and go with you!"

"We had planned on June, hadn't we?" she smiled.

"On June," he nodded.

She patted his arm.

"Dear old Don! Well, I think a fall wedding would be nicer, anyway. And Dolly has an English cousin or something who may have us introduced at court. What do you think of that?"

"I'd rather have you right here. I thought that after the season here I might be able to see more of you."

"Nonsense! You don't think we'd stay in town all summer? Don dear, I think you're getting a little selfish."

"Well, you'd be in town part of the summer."

She shook her head.

"We shall sail early, in order to have some gowns made. But if you could meet us there for a few weeks—you do have a vacation, don't you?"

"Two weeks, I think."

"Oh, dear, then you can't."

"Holy smoke, do you know what a first-class passage costs?"

"I don't want to know. Then you couldn't go anyway, could you?"

"Hardly."

"Shall you miss me?"

"Yes."

"That will be nice, and I shall send you a card every day."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "If your father would only go broke before then. If only he would!"

BUT Stuyvesant did not go broke, and Frances sailed on the first of June. Don went to the boat to see her off, and the band on the deck played tunes that brought lumps to his throat. Then the hoarse whistle boomed huskily, and from the Hoboken sheds he watched her until she faded into nothing but a speck of waving white handkerchief. In twenty minutes he was back again in the office of Carter, Rand & Seagraves—back again to sheets of little figures with dollar signs before them. These he read off to Speyer, who in turn pressed the proper keys on the adding-machine—an endless, tedious, irritating task. The figures ran to hundreds, to thousands, to tens of thousands.

Nothing could have been more uninteresting, nothing more meaningless. He could not even visualize the sums as money. It was like adding so many columns of the letter "s." And yet, it was the accident of an unfair distribution of these same dollar signs that accounted for the fact that Frances was now sailing out of New York harbor, while he remained here before this desk.

They represented the week's purchase of bonds, and if the name "Pendleton, Jr.," had appeared at the head of any of the accounts he might have been by her side.

Something seemed wrong about that. Had she been a steam yacht he could have understood it. Much as he might have desired a steam yacht, he would have accepted cheerfully the fact that he did not have the wherewithal to purchase it. He would have felt no sense of injustice. But it scarcely seemed decent to consider Frances from this point of view, though a certain parallel could be drawn: her clean-cut lines, her nicety of finish, a certain air of silver and mahogany about her, affording a basis of comparison; but this was from the purely artistic side. One couldn't very well go further and estimate the relative initial cost and amount for upkeep without doing the girl an injustice. After all, there was a distinction between a gasolene engine and a heart, no matter how close an analogy physicians might draw.

And yet, the only reason he was not now with her was solely a detail of bookkeeping. It was a matter of such fundamental inconsequence as the amount of his salary. He was separated from her by a single cipher.

But that cipher had nothing whatever to do with his regard for her. It had played no part in his first meeting with her, or in the subsequent meetings, when frank admiration had developed into an ardent attachment. It had nothing to do with the girl herself, as he had seen her for the moment he succeeded in isolating her in a corner of the upper deck before she sailed. It had nothing to do with certain moments at the piano when she sang for him. It had nothing to do with her eyes, as he had seen them that night she had consented to marry him. To be sure, these were only detached moments which were not granted him often; but he had a conviction that they stood for something deeper in her than the everyday moments.

DURING that next week Don found a great deal of time in which to think. He was surprised at how much time he had. It was as if the hours in the day were doubled. Where before he seldom had more than time to hurry home and dress for his evening engagements, he now found that, even when he walked home, he was left with four or five idle hours on his hands.

If a man is awake and hasn't anything else to do, he must think. He began by thinking about Frances, and wondering what she was doing, until young Schuyler intruded himself,—Schuyler, as it happened, had taken the same boat, having been sent abroad to convalesce from typhoid,—and after that there was not much satisfaction in wondering what she was doing. He knew how sympathetic Frances was, and how good she would be to Schuyler under these circumstances. Not that he mistrusted her in the least—she was not the kind to lose her head and forget. But, at the same time, it did not make him feel any the less lonesome to picture them basking in the sun on the deck of a liner while he was adding innumerable little figures beneath an electric light in the rear of the cashier's cage in a downtown office. It did not do him any good whatever.

However, the conclusion of such uneasy wondering was to force him back to a study of the investment securities of Carter, Rand & Seagraves. Right or wrong, the ten thousand was necessary, and he must get it. On the whole, this had a wholesome effect. For the next few weeks he doubled his energies in the office. That this counted was proved by a penciled note which he received at the club one evening:

MR. DONALD PENDLETON.
Dear Sir:

You're making good, and Farnsworth knows it.

Sincerely yours,
SARAH KENDALL WINTHROP.

To hear from her like this was like meeting an old friend upon the street. It seemed to say that in all these last three weeks, when he thought he was occupying the city of New York all by himself, she, as a matter of fact, had been sharing it with him. She too had been doing her daily work and going home at night, where presumably she ate her dinner and lived through the long evenings right here in the same city. He seldom caught a glimpse of her even in the office now, for Seagraves took all her time. Her desk had been moved into his office. And yet, she had been here all the while. It made him feel decidedly more comfortable.

The next day at lunch-time Don waited outside the office for her, and, unseen by her, trailed her to her new egg-sandwich place. He waited until she had had time to order, and then walked in as if quite by accident. She was seated, as usual, in the farthest corner.

"Why, hello," he greeted her.

She looked up in some confusion. For several days she had watched the entrance of every arrival, half expecting to see him stride in. But she no longer did that, and had fallen back into the habit of eating her lunch quite oblivious to all the rest of the world. Now it seemed like picking up the thread of an old story, and she was not quite sure she desired this.

"Hello," he repeated.

"Hello," she answered.

There was an empty seat next to hers.

"Will you hold that for me?" he asked.

"They don't let you reserve seats here," she told him.

"Then I guess I'd better not take a chance," he said, as he sat down in it.

He had not changed any in the last few months.

"Do you expect me to go and get your lunch for you?" she inquired.

"No," he assured her. "I don't expect to get any lunch."

She hesitated.

"I was mighty glad to get your note," he went on. "I was beginning to think I'd got lost in the shuffle."

"You thought Mr. Farnsworth had forgotten you?"

"I sure did. I hadn't laid eyes on him for a week."

"Mr. Farnsworth never forgets," she answered.

"How about the others?"

"There isn't any one else worth speaking of in that office."

"How about you?"

"I'm one of those not worth speaking of," she replied.

She met his eyes steadily.

"Seagraves doesn't seem to feel that way. He keeps you in there all the time now."

"The way he does his office desk," she nodded. "You'd better get your lunch."

"But I'll lose my chair."

"Oh, get your sandwich; I'll hold the chair for you," she answered impatiently.

He rose immediately, and soon came back with his plate and coffee cup.

"Do you know I haven't had one of these things or a chocolate éclair since the last time I was in one of these places with you?"

"What *have* you been eating?"

"Doughnuts and coffee, mostly."

"That isn't nearly so good for you," she declared.

He adjusted himself comfortably.

"This is like getting back home," he said.

"Home?"

She spoke the word with a frightened, cynical laugh.

"Well, it's more like home than eating alone at the other places," he said.

"They are all alike," she returned—"just places in which to eat."

She said it with some point, but he did not see the point. He took a bite of his egg sandwich.

"Honest, this tastes pretty good," he assured her.

He was eating with a relish and satisfaction that he had not known for a long time. It was clear that the credit for this was due in some way to Sarah Kendall Winthrop, though that was an equally curious phenomenon. Except that he had, or assumed, the privilege of talking to her, she was scarcely as intimate a feature of his life as Nora.

"How do you like your new work?" she inquired.

"It's fierce," he answered. "It's mostly arithmetic."

"It all helps," she said. "All you have

"How We Cleaned Up Our Town"

We shall have a National Clean-Up Number of this magazine this spring.

For that number I want 500-word letters on "How We Cleaned Up Our Town," accompanied by interesting photographs.

Tell me about how the women of your town got together and cleaned it up. Fill your letter full of facts and have it reach me within three weeks. If it's interesting enough I will print it and pay for it.

THE EDITOR.